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A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."
DIANA TEMPLETON,
A TALE OF WEDDED LIFE.
By Mrs. C. H. CRISWELL.

"When ye are in the glad Kirk set
The gown pins in your hair;
Ye tak mair delight in your fied dress
Than ye do in the house of prayer."
—Ballad.

CHAPTER I.
Bride, upon thy marriage day
When thy gems in rich array
Made the gleaming mirror seem
As a star-veiled beam—
When the clustering pearls lay fair
Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
And the white veil o'er thee gleaming,
Like a silvery halo beaming—
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?—*Hymn.*

DIANA and Egbert Templeton were just married, and were spending their honeymoon at the bride's home in the country. It was truly a love marriage, and their earthly bliss was as perfect as was possible in this mundane sphere.

In the month of December, the newly married pair received an invitation from the fashionable Mrs. Hunter, a cousin of Diana's, who was one of the leaders of the ton in a large city, the name of which I shall not mention, to spend the winter at her house. The invitation was accepted; and in a few days the young people found themselves domiciled in Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion. Diana, with her vivacity and originality, her superior endowments and her fascinating manner, soon became quite a *lionne* in society, much to the pride and delight of her husband. Her dark, waving locks and her glorious black eyes were the theme of many a lay among the young *littérati* in the gay and admiring circle by which she was surrounded; yet, although moving as she continually was in an atmosphere of adulation, Diana never exhibited the least trace of vanity or affectation. While men admired her for her natural and unaffected graces of mind and manner, the women envied and almost hated her, as was nothing more than human nature. But she passed unscathed beneath the fire of their malicious and envious eyes; and none, not one, could breathe the slightest aspersion against her graceful and perfect propriety of deportment.

Egbert, too, began to be appreciated as he deserved. There was a manly independence and uprightness that shone out in every word and action, a simple honesty and natural goodness of character which is rarely found in the men of the present day, especially those who have been reared amid the vices and hollow-heartedness of a large city.

No, no; give me the country, the fair, pure heaven-blessed country in which to rear a child in the way it should go—in which to make a boy a true, free-hearted, God-fearing man—in which to make a girl

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command!"
Give me the wild, rooping untaught,
Intelligent girl, whose cheeks and eyes are
glowing with health and pure happiness
in place of the pale, puny, helpless creature,
who moves listlessly and affectingly
through the walks of society in town. I
am speaking generally.

Egbert, who was a farmer at home, was neither rude or unpolished as farmers generally are supposed to be; and as to often they are. But his parents possessed in themselves more refinement than many others of the class, and therefore their children grew up graceful, intelligent and accomplished.

But if we overlook the roughness and awkwardness of exterior often found in country-bred persons, we will see that the heart is far more pure and undeveloped, the mind and disposition far more upright with strength and manliness of purpose, than we find among our too often effeminate and characterless men, in many of our great and populous cities. I have lived for years in the country—and I know.

To return to Egbert, and speaking briefly, I would say, that under the influence of his almost worshipped wife, he turned his naturally fine talents to the pursuit of literature, and side by side with Diana, was soon shining a bright star in the literary firmament.

And they were flattered, followed and fettered everywhere.
Mrs. Amelia Hunter was what the world calls a splendid woman. Her form was tall and graceful and elegantly moulded, her hair and eyes were exceedingly dark, her features regular, and expressive of gentleness and a queenly pride. Her address mingled with a queenly pride, and her complexion was always delicately pale. Although naturally inclined to amiability, this lady was extremely self-willed, and when opposed in anything, gave way to ungovernable passion. Her husband, being a quiet man, rarely contradicted her in anything; and in her own house her will was absolute law. Her servants dreaded her anger, and always yielded her perfect obedience and respectful respect. In

"I hope the gay widow was never a rival of yours."
"Of mine? O, no; at least, not to my knowledge. Where is Egbert?"
"He went to the store with Charles. But you don't want him. I am going shopping this morning, would you accompany me, *ma chère*?"
"I thought I saw your carriage at the door. Yes; I'll accept your polite invitation," returned Diana, smiling, as she adjusted her bonnet before the glass.
"I am going to select a dress for Mrs. Hunter's soiree—what do you think of wearing?"
"I think I shall wear the maize-colored crepe—it's a favorite with me. But how can you be so extravagant? There's the new azure satin you wore but once, so becoming too. My country notions forbid me throwing away much money on dress."
"O, you are a belle and a *lionne*; therefore privileged to do as you choose, to be as *à l'aise* as you like—but I, who am only a fashionable butterfly, must conform to the *usages du siècle*."
"My dear lady, I implore your forgiveness. I had forgotten the vast gulf between a leader of the ton and a simple country girl like myself." And Diana made a mock obeisance.

"Be quiet, my little madcap. But come, it is nearly one—and the horses are impatient. *Adieu!*"
And away rode the two friends in the curious carriage drawn by a pair of magnificent horses; while the poor pedestrians crossing the streets, wondered, as they scrambled out of the way, why they had not as good a right to be rich, as any body else.

As the ladies were about leaving a fashionable bazaar, they encountered three persons just entering, one of whom was Mrs. Hunter, before mentioned. The other two were young ladies extravagantly dressed, which perhaps made up for their lack of beauty or intelligence.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunter," gracefully bowed the stately and elderly Mrs. Hunter, "Mrs. Templeton, good morning!"
"Good morning!" in upper tendon, means any time before six or seven o'clock, the dinner hour. This item is for those who don't know.

"Shopping I see?" added the lady, "any novelties out?"
"I cannot say that there are," replied Mrs. Hunter.
"I'm out," said Diana, laughing mischievously.
"Oh, Mrs. Templeton, you're a perfect original," lisped one of the young ladies whose pale green silk was trimmed with ten flounces.

"Mrs. Templeton is not only original," said the other young lady, in a sarcastic manner, "but peculiar."
"And I've lived," added Mrs. Hunter in rather a severe tone.
"N-body denies that," said the ten flounced lady. But, to change the subject, Mrs. Hunter, are you going to hear Dr. — preach tomorrow?"

"Indeed, I have not given the subject a thought."
"O, he is divine. Every body is delighted with him."
"You must hear him, Mrs. Hunter," said Mrs. Hunter, "he is all the rage just now."
"Is that a fashionable minister?" asked Diana quietly—"does he preach a fashionable religion? has he a fashionable church?"

"Why—yes—he has a fashionable congregation," returned Mrs. Hunter, looking hard at Diana.
"Then it is to be presumed that his people die fashionably and go fashionably to heaven."
"Goodness!" started the trio. "Why Mrs. Templeton, how shocking you are!"
"O, I'm only peculiar," returned Diana a little satirically. "I do know however that some people here die fashionably and are buried fashionably; but whether they get to heaven fashionably or not, I confess I haven't yet discovered."

Ten flounces and her companion, who sported but two, that covered the whole skirt, gave a whirl and walked forward, leaving Mrs. Hunter with Mrs. Hunter and Diana.

"You have some strange ideas, to be sure, Mrs. Templeton, but don't you think you had better go and hear Dr. —?"
"Perhaps I will. But as I don't approve of fashion in religion—true religion knows no fashion—I fear my thoughts will be wandering to the old country church where the simple yet heart-rending, pious tones of our own dear pastor have power to soften the hardest sinner and bring tears of pure contrition to his eyes."

"I think Mrs. Templeton would make an excellent preacher herself," said Mrs. Hunter smiling, "but as this is no place for a prolonged conversation, I wish you would come to my house this evening. I like your views, Mrs. Templeton, and do want to have a long talk with you. Will you come?"

"Yes," replied Diana, frankly.
"Thank you. And now, good morning!"
Mrs. Hunter, bowing, followed her companions, and our two ladies re-entering their carriage, set out for home.

CHAPTER II.
"Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy!"
—*Othello.*

"heathen," where she could freely give way to her resentment.
"If you would know the name of the Book from which I quoted, ladies, it will give me pride and pleasure to make you acquainted with it, and also to recommend it for your serious perusal. I regret you have not heard of it—it is called the *Holy Bible*."
To point the fallen, mortified expression of those expectant faces, would be utterly impossible. It was as if each had been detected in some mean, disgraceful act. They were all struck dumb with shame; while the more enlightened were enjoying the "joke" as they called it, with great gusto. Ten flounces disappeared from the room in some unaccountable manner, and did not return, much to the chagrin of a certain man-monkey who admired her almost as well as he did his whiskers, moustaches and goatee.

Mrs. Hunter resumed the subject.
"But what do you consider the rights of woman, Mrs. Templeton?"
"Not to appropriate the habiliments of men," answered Diana, "not to go into public places, mount public rostrums and make public speeches. Not to seek for offices or stations which belong to men alone, or to aspire to take the laws of our glorious country. Not to bluster about in public places, or imitate men in smoking cigars, or mix in street rows or fights. Not to create civil wars, as one might imagine from present symptoms. Not to go beyond the sphere God originally intended they should fill."

"No—no—no! Let woman be woman let her have a heart for home—a love for peace—a silent meekness—a modest mien—a smile of purest, gentlest affection—a cheerful face—a dove-like spirit—a contented mind—a happy heart—a care and prudence in household duties—let her be a comforter and help-mate to her husband—a faithful and devoted mother—a true and constant friend—with a soul submissive to her God!"

She paused and seemed much agitated. "And then art all that?" murmured the deep tones of Stanley Dumont in her ear.
"I?" she exclaimed, startled at the interruption, "far from it. Would that I approached my description in a small degree!"

Egbert now approached her. "I feel unwell," he said, "will you not return?"
"Certainly," said Diana anxiously. "You do look pale. What ails you, Egbert? The fashionable around them smiled at her concerned expression."

"What a fuss about a husband!" lisped one die-away specimen of tight-laced economy.
Diana heard her, but made no comment—and although several endeavored to detain her, resolutely bade them good evening and departed with her husband. On arriving at Mrs. Hunter's house, they immediately repaired to their own private apartment, adjoining their sleeping room, and Diana, who half suspected the nature of Egbert's complaint, permitted him to remain for a few minutes in silent gloom.

"Where do you feel ill, Bertie?" she at length affectionately asked.
He sighed. "I can scarcely tell. I shall feel better presently. Go to bed, Diana."
"No, I won't—until you tell me what troubles you. For I can plainly see your case is a mind disease."

For the space of ten minutes, Egbert made no reply, but sat, his chin resting on his hands and his elbows on his knees, looking so disconsolate, that Diana's risibilities were excited, and she laughed a merry, unrestrained laugh.

He started and his brow grew dark. "Do you laugh at me? Has it come to this? Do you think so little of the husband you swore to love and cherish, as to make his indisposition a subject of ridicule?"

"Now, Bertie, don't be angry. Forgive me—but I know what ails you. You're getting jealous of the attention your wife receives. We had better return to the country."
"Jealous! No, Di, not that," he hastily replied, "but I must tell you that I don't approve of your listening so attentively to the flatteries of that bad man, Dumont."

"I was not aware of his being any worse than others around me. Listen to him? Why, how can I help it?"
"Aye; that is it," was the bitter reply, "how can you help it? how can you help listening to one whose tones and accents are fascination itself—don't I tempt to deceive me, Di? I watched him—I saw the glow of his snaky eyes when bent upon your face—I saw the adulation expressed in his countenance, Di; if you want my love and respect, banish that man from your society!"

"Why, Bertie! I give you credit for a powerful imagination. This is all new to me. When I said I could not help listening to his conversation, I meant because I could not be so rude as to turn a deaf ear to any gentleman of politeness, much less one of so superior a mind. You know I worship *mind* wherever I find it!"

"Humph!" was the ungracious retort.
"Egbert!" her voice was firm and clear, as she bent her black eyes on his sullen countenance, "did you, since you first knew me, ever know me to utter an un-

engaged in the instruction of a select number of young ladies. This, it seems, had been her favorite aspiration and reverence, when a child, and she has always accounted the years thus devoted as among the happiest and most useful of her life. Her system was to teach thoroughly whatever she attempted, and to develop, not the mental powers alone, but those affections which fit her sex for their own allotted and hallowed sphere. The tenderest friendship sprang up between her and the sisterly band that thus surrounded her, bequeathing its influence to even a second generation.

At the termination of her mission as a teacher, she became the wife of Charles Sigourney, Esq., a merchant of Hartford, a gentleman of distinguished family, talents and acquisitions. To her new duties at the head of a large establishment she gave earnest heed, determining not to overlook the minutest cares that affect domestic welfare and prosperity. In addition to these employments, she chose to become the teacher of her children, two of whom attained maturity. The death of her only son, in the bloom of nineteen, prompted that touching and graphic memoir "The Faded Hope," which can scarcely be read without tears. By systematic industry and early rising, she found it possible to continue intellectual pursuits, without sacrificing domestic or social responsibilities. Poetry, whose "linked harmonies" attracted her infant ear, like the song of the bee, which knows not the name of the flower around which it hovers, has been her unchanging solace through life. Though the native expression of her thought, she has often abandoned it for the composition of prose, as a vehicle of greater utility, and more congenial to the taste of the people. It may be considered a mark of self-subjugation, that amid the many volumes she has produced, not more than eight or ten have been in her favorite dialect, if we except those where poetry and prose are mingled. Through her long course of literary labor, not the desire of fame, but of doing good, seems to have been, not a secondary, but the predominating motive. This view, from the themes she has chosen, and their adaptation to almost every form of duty or condition of humanity. Especially have the true interests of her own sex, and the healthful influence they might exercise on home-happiness; and the destinies of the Republic, dwelt on her heart, and stimulated its efforts. Her "Letters to Pupils," "Letter to Young Ladies," "Whisper to a Bride," and "Letters to Mothers," attest her regard for their highest, holiest responsibilities. The guidance of the unfolding mind, impressed on her as it was, night and day, by the assiduous home-culture of her own children, called forth the "Child's Book," "Girl's Book," "Boy's Book," "How to be Happy," and a variety of other juvenile works, in which she has evidently chastened her style, and turned aside from trains of thought more consonant to her genius. A conviction of the importance of temperance, suggested "Water Drops," of the blessings of peace, "Olive Leaves," "Scenes in my Native Land," portray some of the attractions of the country that she loves, and "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," depict the varieties of a tour in Europe, which was cheered by attentions from distinguished writers, letters from nobles, and gifts from royalty.

"Those who go down the sea in ships," find a companion in her simple "Poems for Sailors"; the forgotten red man is remembered in "Pocahontas," the harp of comfort for mourners is hung upon the "Weeping Willow," while the young and blooming may hear her "Voice of Flowers," among the lilies of the field. Several volumes of tales and sketches, give truth and virtue the garniture of narrative, and a still larger number of biographical character hold up to every grade and let in life the examples of wisdom and piety. "Sayings of the Little Ones," and "Poems for their Mothers," express her sympathies for the helpless stranger just entering life; and "Past Meridian," for the wearied pilgrim, trembling at the gates of the West. Since she entered the field of authorship, between fifty and sixty volumes, varying in size from the miniature to the octavo, have emanated from her pen. Some of these are now out of print, though more than half are in active circulation, and many have been republished on the other side of the Atlantic.

She still continues, with unchanging industry, her intellectual labors, amid many interruptions, and sustains, without the aid of an amanuensis, the pressure of a correspondence amounting to nearly two thousand letters annually. Her style and sentiments are always pure; her writings, if judged by their tendencies, are blameless. It may be justly affirmed that they contain "no line which, dying, she might wish to blot." Though past the age of sixty, she enjoys with unimpaired powers that happiness of existence which sometimes brightens with time. The religion that has sustained her from youth, is without bigotry—a love of all of whatever denomination, who "fear God, and keep His commandments." There who test know her, are convinced that from deeds of benevolence, and the interlarded age of the affections, she derives far higher satisfaction, than from the alluring and not unattended fountain of popular applause.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
"MAMMA'S PET."
BY WILLIE K. FORD.

(A writer in the *London Medical Times* tells us, while referring to recent Indian atrocities, of several young children in Calcutta whose names are quite unknown; and of one, especially, who said she was "Mamma's Pet," and this was all we were ever likely to know of her past history.)

"Mamma's pet" she says; but where is her mamma? Ask her well; Does she know or can she tell Where she lost her kindly care?

"Mamma's pet" and only this! Of the past is known to her; But our hearts can well infer In it there is much anguish.

Was it when that young child knelt In the twilight of the day At her "mamma's" feet to pray That the fatal blow was dealt?

And the mother lowly lay Silent at the young child's feet Who in wonder did repeat Words she had been taught to pray?

Or was she the tortured one Of the demon who could drive As they pierced her with a lance Till their bloody work was done?

Could the child see and forget? Sure, she must have stayed away When the deed was done that day And the hearts with blood was wet.

"Mamma's pet" she says; but where is her mamma? Mark! the wail Floating on the burdened gale;— We must seek the answer there!

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

In the first number of the *Times* for this year, we presented a biographical sketch of Mrs. Sigourney, from "Duck-Net's" *Cyclopedia of American Literature*. We expressed our regrets at the time, that the sketch did not present more of the inner life of the distinguished authoress, distinguished equally for her eminent piety, as for her superior intellect. We have been furnished a sketch, though not so long, yet it does the subject better justice, and we take pleasure in presenting it to our readers. The article, accompanied with a portrait, appeared in the last number of the "Comopolitan Art Journal."



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1858.

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CORRECTION:—On the first page of this paper, in the French quotation at the head of the second chapter of the prize story, the word "pent" occurs three times, and should be *pent*.

SURVEYING:—We would call the attention of all who are desirous of obtaining a knowledge of practical Surveying, to the Advertisement of Col. Lilley & son, who come highly recommended by several citizens of Caswell County, in which they have been teaching successfully. In regard to qualifications and character their testimonials are of the highest order, from many distinguished citizens of Virginia.

Their instrument, of recent invention, and patented by Col. Lilley in November last, is plain and easily understood, and is far superior to any we have ever heretofore examined.

On Monday we had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Geo. McNeill, senior Editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian. We were pleased to form Mr. McNeill's acquaintance, and being a good-looking man, added to his very excellent qualities, as a Christian minister and an excellent scholar, we bid him a hearty welcome to the fraternity.

We are glad to learn of the great success of the Presbyterian approximating closely on 3000 subscribers, though only a few weeks old.—It deserves success.

THE PRIZE STORY:—In this number we commence one of the prize stories. As the judges were unable to decide between the merits of the three stories named last week as the best, placing them upon equal merits, we are guided in giving priority of publication, not by preference, but by lot as each were drawn. The reader is asked to hold up his decision upon the relative merits of the stories, until they see all published; and in advance we pledge a rich store of good things.

Familiarities.

One, whose writings are welcomed by the public, gives us the following paragraph in a recent private letter:—

"I like the appearance of the new volume very much. The new heading is a decided improvement, and various other things which I cannot pause to specify, make it on the whole hard to beat."

I had thought at the time that Goodman's "Family Friend" was given up—stopped by the death of the lamented and talented editor, that we should never see another truly Southern Literary Journal, at least for many years, but we now find that losses and disappointments—that "Hopes deferred," and even death, could not retard the onward march of human progress, when once begun, and I cordially wish you every success, at the same time bidding to those gentlemen who have been in the habit of sending to the North for papers, that they would do well to look nearer home; unless they can afford the luxury (I call it necessity) of having both home and foreign.

Another gentleman, known in the South and highly prized as an orator and a scholar, writes—"I hope to be able to contribute to your paper during the year. I am pleased to see the onward march of the 'Times.' You are bound to succeed even beyond your brightest hope, if you continue your efforts as you have put them forth in the past. I will try to send you some subscribers."

We have a number of complimentary letters by us, but after acknowledging an ample share of vanity, our modesty still shrinks from exhibiting some of them. It is true some of them are from literary men, known both North and South by their published Poems and Romances, yet we think their language is too extravagant. We are pleased at the number of friends the 'Times' is making, and their appreciative remarks encourage us, by assuring us that our labors are not in vain. But we seek not ease yet—our motto is still "onward."

Our usual variety is unavoidably crowded out this week by the many long articles presented. These are all worthy of reading, are well written, but as our readers prefer, we should rather have fewer

The Temperance Lecture.

The Rev. R. S. Moran, of Salisbury, delivered a Temperance Address in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday night, as announced last week. The audience was large and attentive, and the address was impressive, at times stirring, and we hope the future will show, effective. The speaker has examined the subject thoroughly as a freeman, a citizen and a Christian minister; he has brought the lights of experience, of logical reasoning and of Bible truth to bear upon it; and guided by these, he boldly takes his stand and maintains his position by the force of argument, plain, simple, so that every man can understand for himself. The address was something over an hour long and mainly discursive with occasional perorations, beautiful, eloquent and moving.

We do not propose giving the arguments, as space will not allow; yet they were forcible, and we believe fully conclusive to unprejudiced minds.

Intemperance was a *known* evil. The point of discussion, then, was the remedy. As many as four remedies have been prescribed:—Self-love; moral suasion, or an appeal to the conscience; the license system, and entire prohibition from the traffic of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Self-love will not do, for it is often blind; appeals to the conscience will not do, for the conscience is subject to the reasoning of the mind, and is correct or false as is the influence brought to bear upon the mind; the license system is an abomination, an acknowledgment of evil, yet granting venial indulgences to a few, a grand monopoly for a price! And as the last resort—the right and the only effective move in ridding the community of so great an evil, was the entire prohibition of the traffic.

This step is *constitutional*, because the highest judicial tribunal known in our land, and provided as supreme arbiter by the constitution itself, has pronounced it so.

It is *expedient* because it is the duty of legislative bodies, to legislate for the health and life of the constituency; for their temporal prosperity, domestic felicity and public virtue. These embrace all the points of legislation, cover all the ground; but whatever may conflict with these, it is the imperative duty of legislators to remove. The traffic conflicts at every point, and therefore, it is most imperatively the duty of legislators to remove from us an institution whose very breath is mildew and blight.

The speaker noticed some of the objections usually urged against the prohibition of the traffic—exposed their fallacy, and concluded with showing clearly that the measure of prohibition had not, as is argued by some, proved a failure; but had in every instance worked well. In some of the states where the law had been pronounced unconstitutional, and therefore, failed to meet its design in these states, the rendition of the judicial verdict was not upon the constitutionality of *Prohibition*, but upon some of the minor machinery of its working, stealthily introduced and so phrased by enemies for the defeat of the law.

The address occupied ground sufficient for three, but we believe the speaker made all his points clear and forcible. His words were words of truth and soberness, and upon all unprejudiced minds must have a convincing and effective power. Could such discussions fall upon the ears of every free citizen, the complexion of our legislative halls would no doubt soon be changed, and the present laws upon the traffic, a mockery upon legislation and religion, would be entirely abolished, and laws more consistent with the rights and privileges of a free people, united by a social compact, substituted in their stead.

LENOIR INSTITUTE embraces a male and female department. Located in a healthy region of Lenoir County, it offers many inducements for boys and girls, especially in the Eastern part of the State, to obtain a good preparatory education and be fitted for any class in College. We are glad to learn that the present session is much more prosperous than any heretofore.

The News.

The Steamer Ariel, supposed lost, is heard from. Her passengers and mails were brought by the Canada. The English money market is easier; bank discount reduced to 5 per cent. Cotton declined 1-8 d. The Leviathan is waiting for the high tides to float. An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Napoleon—the ball passed through his head. The capital of Mexico has been bombarded for several days, with considerable fighting. Over 100 killed and many wounded. The partisans of Santa Anna are in the scrape. A civil war is inevitable. Gen. Walker is creating a furore in his tour, making speeches through the South. Cotton has risen in the South to 10 1/4. The late Kansas election resulted in favor of the pro-slavery party by official returns.

We had a slight snow on Wednesday night last.

Leisure Readings;

A few of the best things
WE FIND IN
Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

In writing of the fixed stars, Herschel pens the following

Beautiful Thought.

The stars are landmarks of the universe; and amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, seem placed by their Creator as guides and records, not merely to elevate our minds by the contemplation of what is vast, but to teach us to direct our actions by what is imitable in his works. It is, indeed, hardly possible to over-appreciate their value in this point of view. Every well-determined star, from the moment its place is registered, becomes to the astronomer, the geographer the navigator, the surveyor—a point of departure which can never deceive or fail him—the same for ever, and in all places of a delicacy so extreme as to be a test for every instrument yet invented by man, yet equally adapted for the most ordinary purposes; as available for regulating a town clock as for conducting a navy to the Indies; as effective for mapping down the intricacies of a pretty barony as for adjusting the boundaries of a transatlantic empire. When once its place has been thoroughly ascertained and carefully recorded, the barren circle with which that useful work was done may moulder, the marble pillar totter on its base, and the astronomer himself survive only in the gratitude of posterity; but the record remains, and transmits all its own exactness into every determination which takes it for a guide, giving to inferior instruments, nay, even to temporary contrivances, and to the observation of a few weeks or days, all the precision attained originally at the cost of so much time, labor, and expense.

Not altogether foreign to this extract, we find an idea by Dr. Hamilton with a good and useful lesson, added to its beauty. It is headed

Science and Religion.

Would it not be well if there were more of mutual respect and tolerance between the men of physics and the men of faith? We often hear good people speak of the 'upstart' of the material sciences, and we fear that material philosophers often speak disdainfully of Bible truth. And both are wrong. The Bible is not an old wife's fable, and the material universe is no device of the devil. The one and the other are equally the work of God; and it is from the two together that all of God can be gathered, which our species is ever likely to learn. To neglect the one revelation is to neglect a large source of instruction; to neglect the other is to forfeit everlasting life. But those large capacities and well-balanced judgments which have put each in its proper place are very few; very few the men who have sanctified their enthusiasm for science by veneration for the word of God.

But, secondly, science wants a soul.—It is a fine exercise of intellect; but it wants something to inspire it—something to moralize and to sanctify and etherealize it. We should have no more of the pride and envy and dishonesty of naturalists, if on every house and study-door were inscribed what Linnaeus wrote on his, "In noctui vivit, Nomen adest;" or, better still, if his presence were so realized that the reverence which always marked it, on the lips of the illustrious Boyle. And would give a new sublimity to pursuits sublime already, if every investigation were conducted with untiring help from God, and every discovery was first presented to himself as a votive offering. It would be the baptism of science and the sanctification of research, did every investigator drink the spirit of that most minute, yet most majestic of our English sages, who has recorded his own emotions in these words:—

"When with bold telescopes I survey the stars and planets that adorn the upper regions of the world; and when with excellent microscopes I discern the inimitable subtlety of nature's workmanship. I find myself sometimes reduced to exclaim with the Philistist: 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' And when I have been losing myself in admiration of what I can not comprehend, I am often obliged to interrupt my inquiries in the words of the Apostle: 'Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.'"

But to conclude. Sir Humphrey Davy has pronounced a firm faith, if it could be attained, the greatest of blessings. May I be permitted to say, that had he devoted a tithe of the pains to the attainment of this faith which he gave to the pursuit of science, that blessing would have been his own? And if it would have been a blessing, how great would be the blessing, how infinitely greater would be the blessing, when the raptures of the Royal Institution were over; when the grand matter was corrected, and there were no new matter to discover; when the miner was pursuing his dainty path by the light of the safety lamp, and the hussar to the inventor had died away; when poetry and brilliant memories were all that remained to the paralytic, a true faith would have been a priceless blessing. Yes; had he been able to say, "I know whom I have believed," there would have been no need to inscribe so often in his mournful diary, "Valde Miserabilis;" and had he found a friend in the Divine Redeemer, that Saviour's benignant presence would have been the best "Consolation of Travel." And so the time is coming when you will recognize the faith which sustained the dying faith of Boyle and Haller, of Pascal, Ray, and Newton, and would gladly exchange trust in Jesus Christ expressed by Clementine Cuvier for all the proud renown of illustrious father. When the laboratory fire is out, or the telescope lens is rusty; when survivors are turning over your barium, or are trying to puzzle out your unarranged collections, it will make little difference to you how many pages of Society Transactions you filled, or to how many productions of nature your name is attached. But it will make all the difference if you have been a believer in Jesus, and if now and then some Christian friend pay a tender and hopeful visit to a fellow-believer's tomb, over which a voice from heaven has said:—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

We have lately come across a quaint little book, called the "Pocket Magazine," and published in London in 1818. It is a rare and curious little volume; and we find some articles equally as curious with

many very excellent ones. We make some quotations from one headed, **Five Hundred Years Hence.**

The writer draws upon his imagination, following the spirit of the lines by Bishop Berkeley, who wrote many years before—"Westward the course of empire bends its way." LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 2318.—This place, once a metropolis, but now an obscure village, is daily becoming less in the estimation of its inhabitants and its neighbors. The small fishing trade, which is now the only trade exercised here, is incompetent to support much longer the few people who reside here. There is no other resource, as the ground, for many miles round, cannot be cultivated, it being all a complete heap of ruins. There were found here lately a few of the coins of George III. called, at that time, sovereigns and regents. They are considered by the curious as being of great speculative value, relative to the cause of our present low station in the scale of nations. One ballad press does all the printing required to be executed here.

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 1, 2318.—Two vessels, laden with the produce of Spain, touched here for water a few days since. These are the only vessels which have been seen here for above a month.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 2318.—This city, now so flourishing, lately adored by an act of the assembly, thirteen well-bred, and every house has the excellent recommendation of being slated with iron. The population of this place, and its suburbs, has been computed lately, and is stated at two millions. The markets here are kept in the strictest order, and no fifth is seen about the streets. The method of keeping the markets clean we recommend to general notice. The wagons with ten wheels are used for this purpose; and as they pass through the markets every hour, the people throw into them all waste whatever. For this purpose a small tax is levied, which the inhabitants pay with pleasure, as it conduces so much to their own comfort.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 1, 2318.—This large city, which was called after the name, and in honor of a warrior, who lived more than six centuries ago, is now in the most flourishing state. We need scarcely mention more than the size of it. It, at this time, covers forty square miles, and being built on its original plan, of a garden to every house, it affords the best possible convenience to the inhabitants. There are three monuments here, to the memory of General Washington, and his contemporary, that eminent philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin. These are erected, to remind the citizens of the means they used for freedom and independence.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 2318.—The progress of literature, which has been attended to so little for such a length of time, is now much encouraged. Upon an average, there are forty new works published every week in this city. There are twenty daily, and forty weekly newspapers. It may be a matter of some surprise, from whence materials arrive to form such an amazing expenditure (if it may be so called) of literary matter; but when it is considered that England, France, and the whole of the eastern territory, have been falling for many ages, this idea will furnish much explanation; and when we consider, that in this country genius is every where encouraged, to an extent that the barbarous ages of English superiority never knew, this will redeem us, in some measure, from a charge of improbability.

The curious works printed some four or five hundred years ago, are objects of great curiosity among the connoisseurs of the day. The mathematical uprightness of the roman type then in use, and the amusing inclination of the italic, form an amusing companion with the works of the day; and, of course, our prevailing letter leans the converse way to the italic publication of former times. These are sufficient to denote the barbarous state of the arts at that period.

From the dates used above, the articles must have been written on the 1st of October 1818.

In the next number of the Magazine, for November, the writer continued and looked at the subject in the light of new inventions and improvements. This we shall notice next week, and find some statements more curious than the above.

Only 40 years have elapsed and the magnificent Washington Monument is gradually going forward.

How far under this estimate does New York fall to-day.

DOUBLE MURDER BY A SLAVE.—The Portsmouth (Va.) "Transcript" has the following account of a shocking affair, which was briefly alluded to last week, as having occurred in Gates county, North Carolina:

On Monday afternoon a negro man belonging to Mr. Seth Benton, of North Carolina, who had been hired out to work on a railroad, was to have left Holy Neck, in Nansemond county, on that day, with a number of others, for the place of labor, but on the departure of the gang, he managed to be left behind. Shortly after, he proceeded to the house of Mrs. Holland, a widow lady, whose residence he had taken, and towards the residence of Mr. White, well known, had meeting him a short distance from the house, killed him also, and with a large club mangled his head in a shocking manner. He afterwards made for the house of Mr. Uriah Rawls, where he would doubtless have destroyed a whole family, had they not been apprised of his coming. Mr. Rawls went out with a double barreled gun, and as the negro approached, he fired, but the charge being of small shot it did not stop him, and Mr. R. discharged the other barrel with no better effect. The savage then pursued him, and was just upon his heels, when Mr. Rawls suddenly turned and struck him a severe blow with the branch of the gun, which felled him to the ground apparently lifeless. He, however, revived in a short time, ran across an adjoining field, when he was overtaken and shot by Mr. Rawls. She succeeded in making her escape, and was just upon his heels, when Mr. Rawls suddenly turned and struck him a severe blow with the branch of the gun, which felled him to the ground apparently lifeless. He, however, revived in a short time, ran across an adjoining field, when he was overtaken and shot by Mr. Rawls. She succeeded in making her escape, and was just upon his heels, when Mr. Rawls suddenly turned and struck him a severe blow with the branch of the gun, which felled him to the ground apparently lifeless. He, however, revived in a short time, ran across an adjoining field, when he was overtaken and shot by Mr. Rawls. 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